



International Fellowship
of Flying Rotarians.
www.ifr.org.nz
New Zealand Newsletter

February 2017

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Events

2017

March

- 3-5 Dannevirke Fly-in

October

- 7-8th Westport Fly-in
- 14-15th Tasmania

President Warren

Dannevirke here we come!!!

I am looking forward to receiving your reminiscences, travel tales, personal stories or just plain interesting articles. They can be alternative facts!

Please send me copy, pictures and video clip's

I hope we will all know a lot more about each other by next fly-in.

Graham and Carol have planned a great weekend for us. I hope you are able to make it one to remember.

This month we feature "The life of Brian." Our esteemed Past world president. Thank you Brian for your support and contribution to IFFR.

Look forward to seeing you in Dannevirke.

I would like more biographies. As a relatively new member I am learning a lot of the past contributions our members have made.

I am also enjoying our new e-club. A great bunch of enthusiastic flyers with impressive skills. Worth checking out. We meet on line the 1st and 3rd Thursday each month.

Planning is already underway for Westport. Date has changed to Oct 7-8th to fit in with World President Sven's visit. He arrives in NZ Sept 27th and will join us in Westport.

Hope you all enjoy this issue and are encouraged to tell your story.

Jeweline and I look forward seeing you in Dannevirke.

Dannevirke 2017. Don't miss out. Book now!



Programme for this fly-in from our Convenor and host Graham Gimblett

For pick-up and departure requirements from Palmerston Nth please contact Graham.

Email: gimmy@xtra.co.nz,

Phone: 06 374 5111

Mobile: 027 374 5111

Programme

Friday 3rd 6pm

Meet, greet and dinner at the Vault restaurant

Saturday 4th

Morning. View local businesses.

Bus to Metalform and RCR then to the **Oringi Business Park** then **Dannevirke Aerodrome** for Manuka honey talk
Lunch at the **Black Stump Café**.

Afternoon. Visit the Fantasy Cave (a unique show)

Bus to Norsewood to visit the **Kiwi Sock Co.**
if time allows.

3.30m to 5pm free time

5pm Bus to **Oruawharo Homestead**, Takapau for Rotary meeting and dinner.



Sunday 5th

Morning IFFR AGM

Herbertville Hotel for morning tea

Bus to **Akitio Station** for finger food lunch and talk at the woolshed.

Evening Dinner and drinks at the Dannevirke Services Club.

Monday 6th

Depart

Walsh Memorial Scout Flying School



At the AGM in Christchurch (April 2016), the members of IFFR NZ agreed to donate \$5000.00 of our accumulated funds to Walsh Memorial Scout Flying School to enable them to purchase equipment to improve the running of the school. To this money, we were able to add \$1000.00 given to us from the accumulated worldwide IFFR funds.

Michael Bryant liaised with senior people at Walsh and arranged for us to visit Sunday 22nd January to formally present the cheque and to see the Walsh school in operation. As happens the weather did not co-operate on the day and so the following members drove to Matamata - Murray Smith,

Phil Pacey, Ian Jenner, Warren & Jeweline Sly and their son Richard, Peter & Margaret Armstrong, Fred & Eileen Bain, Roger & Glenys Leadbeater. Sadly Micheal and the team from Palmerston Nth were grounded.

The operation of the 2 week long school was explained to us by Director John Hamilton and CFI Mark Woodhouse. This year there are 70 students attending of which 26 are

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returning for a second year. Unfortunately the windy weather experienced this year has curtailed flying and delayed first-solo flights for some students.

After considering their suggestions we have agreed the money will be spent on IT equipment, principally a computer to handle school scheduling and flight planning plus a lap-top to connect to a large screen, plus other IT equipment as funds permit.



We were treated to afternoon tea and after seeing some flying as the wind abated we all departed for home.

Further information on the Walsh Memorial Scout Flying School (which is also supported by a number of Rotary Clubs who nominate students to attend) can be found here <http://www.scouts.org.nz/walsh>

This opportunity to support the Walsh Memorial Scout Flying School is an excellent use of our surplus money as it is a well structured way for young people to receive an introduction to flying as a hobby and career. Many participants over the 51 years of the school's existence have gone on to pursue careers in aviation.

IFFR UK Christmas Dinner

On the 7th December Glenys and Roger Leadbeater happened to be in London (3 days) and were honoured to be invited to the IFFR UK Christmas Dinner at the RAF



Club in Piccadilly.

They were amongst approx. 50 fellow IFFR members including members of the E-Rotary Club of Aviation.

Many of those present they met on the UK Fly Round following the 2009 Birmingham RI Convention.

Another of those bucket list experiences.



Very Lucky Indeed

I keep telling everyone that I learnt to fly by picking up potatoes -- better start at the beginning.

Our family lived in Mosgiel and there were a lot of market gardens over at Outram which was where I spent nearly every high school holiday working at sterilising glass houses, repairing crates and picking up potatoes. Later on I joined the NAC loading staff at Taieri over the high school Christmas break. Having joined the Otago Aero Club as a 10 year old I spent all my earnings being taught to fly by Hugh Skilling (Keith, fly Mosquitoes dad) and gained my Private Pilot's Licence while in the 5th Form. That led onto No. 20 Course Compulsory Military Training (CMT) in 1955 at RNZAF Taieri. This was the last course to fly Her Majesty's Tiger Moths. An RNZAF "Wings" award in turn saw me enjoying my 21st birthday in 1958 as a DC-3 Co-pilot with NAC.



However, let's step back in time before high school when I spent much of my time after school and at the weekends hanging around the Aero Club and the NAC hangar at Taieri where all the engineers were more than kind to me. In those days the northbound flights starting the day were Flight 102, then 104,

106 and 108 initially with the Lockheed Lodestar then the

DC-3's. It was about this time I heard a completely new sound in the sky. This meant a quick bike ride to the Taieri airfield to see my first NAC Dominie. Max

Hare, Fred Ladd and Ken Moss were the first Captains posted to Taieri on the Dominies. Ian Anderson, Jim McLeod, Lloyd Barclay and Jim Walker were among the licensed engineers and through them I was offered many rides on Dominie test flights. For a 10 year old, oh bliss, oh rapture. This was possible because of the



frequent problems with the windmill generator mounted inboard on the top left hand wing which needed a test flight to confirm it was working after maintenance. The odd bit of low flying, the odd bit

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of looking for ducks on Lake Waiholo, the odd very steep turn and I was ecstatic about my good fortune. This ceased when some bright spark developed a jury rig with an electric motor driving a V belt onto a pulley that replaced the propeller for testing generator output.

About this time an empty Dominie was ferried from Invercargill to Taieri arriving with a hole through the un-doped fabric emergency exit in the Dominie roof and a missing bag of ballast. Really! On many an occasion I was conscripted to join the search along the airfield boundary fence looking for that long piece of wire with lead weights on the end. This happened when a Dominie pilot forgot to wind in his HF aerial before landing. Then there was the time when an early morning departure for Invercargill to pick up a charter group following a convivial occasion the previous night at the Aero Club. This called for a special take-off procedure. Straight for the instructor's house, which was on the Taieri airfield boundary and flying back and forth, not too high, over said house until a pyjama clad figure appeared on the front veranda shaking his fist. At this point the Dominie waggled its wings and set heading for Invercargill.

My time on DC-3's (about 4,500 hours) and being Wellington based was particularly enjoyable because of the various Wellington Captains I had the pleasure to crew for.

Bill Macrae, Russ Carlton, Andy Baggot, "Drum" Miller and many others who made it a real pleasure to go to work. I learnt heaps from these ex wartime pilots that paid handsome dividends for me throughout my flying career. On one occasion flying in cloud I was a bit apprehensive about the chilling, wailing sound I could hear. Finally this brand new co-pilot had to ask what the noise was – "oh that; it's just the ice on the aerals." Another part of my learning curve! Then it was about 4,500 hours as an F27 co-pilot.

In 1968, it was a transfer to Christchurch base. Myself along with two other co-pilots were the first three to convert onto the shiny new Boeing 737's. It was not the "short straw" that I was assigned to do my B737 conversion training with John J Davies of Boeing. On the contrary, the former B737 production test pilot was now with flight standards for Boeing and it was my good fortune for my learning curve as John had forgotten more about the B737 than I ever knew.



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After 3 years as a Boeing “co” it was back onto the Fokker F27 and a transfer back to Wellington to start my command (Captain) training. Now that is a whole new “ball game.” Now, there was nobody in the left hand seat to pick up the pieces if I stuffed up! This added a whole new perspective. In addition to flying the aeroplane sometimes one had to deal with passengers, engineers, hostesses, flight operations, traffic staff, loaders et al. Absolutely wonderful and I wouldn't have swapped for quids.



Flying Friendships was a type of flying I particularly enjoyed. Visual Flight Rules (VFR) to Westport, Hokitika, Nelson, Invercargill, Whangarei and typically Tauranga to Whakatane. I enjoyed being able to tell passengers about items of interest below like some details about the paper mill at Matura, the Cook Strait power cable terminals, the uranium mine in the Buller Gorge, the visual aftermath of the volcanic upheavals along the coastline going into Blenheim and Gisborne and other spots of interest around the country.

Tony Foley and I were on the first Friendship to overnight at Taupo when the fog rolled in just after we landed.

A Boeing command came my way in 1977. If I had to leave my Friendship flying I couldn't think of a better aircraft. A very nice aircraft to fly with a ton of grunt! Compared to my B737 co-pilot days when only Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch were our destinations, these had now expanded to include Invercargill, Dunedin, Palmerston North and Hamilton. An early morning winter flight in the dark from Invercargill to Dunedin was one of the most memorable on the B737. Flying at 10,000 feet with the landing lights spearing ahead of us into the snow showers was an experience I will never forget. The powerful Boeing lights gave us the surreal experience of being in outer space. The snowflakes kept racing towards us in our light beams at 300 plus knots until we commenced our descent below the snow showers. Absolutely fantastic.

At this point I wish to say thank you to our engineers for in my 11 years and a few thousand hours on the 737 I never experienced an engine failure or an un-commanded engine shutdown. That, to my mind is something, which our NAC/Air New Zealand engineers can be very proud.

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Then my last 5 years in the airline was international flying on the B767. It was again a whole new ball game. A totally different type of flying compared to the Friendship or B737. Going to Singapore with one landing every 11 1/2 hours, which after domestic flying didn't make for great flying satisfaction.



But, the compensation was an overnight in Singapore, Perth, Papeete, Los Angeles or Honolulu that sure as hell beat Hokitika for the night life!

On social occasions when people hear that I flew for a living it prompts the immediate question, "what was your scariest moment flying?" Disappointment follows when I say we were paid to make certain that we did not scare our passengers. However, a cargo door light did come on during take-off in Singapore and I did have a bird strike on the B767 during the take-off ground roll at Nandi but they and other stories are for another time. Then I retired.

My last flight for the airline was in December 1991 --- Melbourne to Wellington then retirement, Oh dear.

IFFR Adventure

Graham and Carol Gimblet had met Brian Condon then World President of IFFR in Taipei and Graham undertook to start the New Zealand section of the "Flying Rotarians" with an exploratory meeting at Paraparaumu in 1995. There was a good attendance and it became, "You're retired Brian" and that's how I became the inaugural President for New Zealand IFFR and the start of a wonderful experience. Fly-ins around New Zealand have had many highlights in different parts of the country and given our members insights into all sorts of different activities that would not normally come within one's normal orbit. Visiting a plant that manufactures medium density fibre board, close up and inside the tower of wind turbines, suburban train rides, coal mine history, many wineries and so on, as can be seen on our web site of the places visited over the years.

<http://www.iffir.org.nz/fly-in-galleries/> I was very lucky in that Keith Mitchell agreed to take my place as I it was suggested that I stand for the Australasian Vice-President position.

It was during this period (1999) that Keith Mitchell and I flew the Arrow III ZK-EIF on the IFFR North End Tour of Australia following the Singapore Rotary

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Convention. Now that was an experience. The power was pulled right back with a True Air Speed of only about 110 knots but the pay back was an endurance of nearly 8 hours. That gave us a return to Norfolk Island from about 80 NM. short of Lord Howe Island. On to Lord Howe Island, Archerfield, (GA airfield for Brisbane) to Longreach, Tenant Creek, (hotel bars closed Thursdays as this was the day of the Government's welfare payments), Katherine (RAAF base Tindal), Darwin, Drysdale River Station, and to Broome to ride a camel on the beach as the sun set. Wow! On to Kununurra for a boat ride up the Ord River to the Argyle Dam. Heard of Argyle diamonds? we didn't see any --- closed with high security. The two boats were trialling big OMC Stirling outboards. Very economical on petrol but used a lot of oil which in turn polluted the waterways so the operator was converting back to more conventional EVINRUDE outboard engines. Don't you believe anyone who says flying across central Australia is boring. Changing vegetation, dry rivers, road trains, homesteads, station water holes with the obligatory windmill pump along side, scrub and other changing vegetation like the mulga trees and then there was keeping an eye on your navigation. One of the highlights was when the late Graeme Mockridge's grandson spoke at our final night of the Fly-about at Katherine of the wonderful fun times all these older folk had. There was much hilarity at his comments. This trip just didn't happen -Graeme Mockridge, Alan Grady and Ray Wells had flown and planned the entire route the year prior. At our hangar in Wellington weeks prior to our original departure, the pilots of the WESTPAC rescue helicopter heard of our planned trip and said we had to go to Karumba. "Where's that and why in hell would we want to go there?" "It's the prawn capital of Australia." Naturally we stopped overnight ate prawns and walked the streets that were wider than a PBY Catalina's wingspan and heard the un-holy racket of the nesting Sulphur Crested Cockatoo's as they settled for the night. During World War 2 the Catalina's <http://www.australia.gov.au/about-australia/australian-story/flying-boats-in-ww2> from QANTAS and the RAAF flew from here to Ceylon (Sri Lanka). They had a number of ramps from the main drag down for take-off on the Norman River and estuary. Then it was back to New Zealand via Rocky (Rockhampton), and down the coast. We did have an unscheduled overnight on account of the weather in the Brisbane area. We diverted into Emerald for the night. This was my first GPS approach in

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anger. Mrs Souter travelled via the airlines trans Tasman as the ARROW had very restricted cabin service and wash room facilities.

We did it again after the Brisbane Convention in June 2003 with New Zealand Past IFFR President Michael Bryant.

One investment made this time was a JPI Engine monitor

<https://www.jp instruments.com/shop/edm-700/> . This goes a long way to reduce the pucker factor for long over water legs. There are a number of other alternatives you can research.

This time the fly about was confined to around Queensland which was again just fabulous. We had much to thank the organisers for as the cost was really reasonable. Redcliffe, just North of Brisbane International was our landfall after Lord Howe Island where we had cleared Customs. Dinghies and life jackets were put into storage. An overnight in Roma with a bus ride out to the farm / station hospitality where old wooden farm gates were the fuel to spit roast a cattle beast which was accompanied with wonderful B-B-Q supplements. As per usual on IFFR fly-ins and fly-abouts it proved to be flying between fabulous meals which weren't always of the simple B-B-Q style.

Watching the sun go down at Roma when the horizon seems thousands of miles away is a life defining moment.

Roma onto Cairns to Hamilton Island with boat trips to islands of the Barrier Reef to Rockhampton and Coffs Harbour to wait for the crosswind at Lord Howe to abate. That wait at Coffs meant a late arrival at Lord Howe Island and an overnight stay. (Only the RAAF do emergency night operations at Lord Howe Island). Back to Norfolk then direct Auckland to clear Customs and home. I could go on about our stop overs but suffice to say that one member suggested that another member wear a set of braces with his very brief swim shorts at Hamilton Island.

My 2 year term, 2006 – 2008 as the World President of the International Fellowship of Flying Rotarians was a real privilege. This took me flying by light aircraft (puddle jumpers compared to a B767) to Norfolk Island Scandinavia,

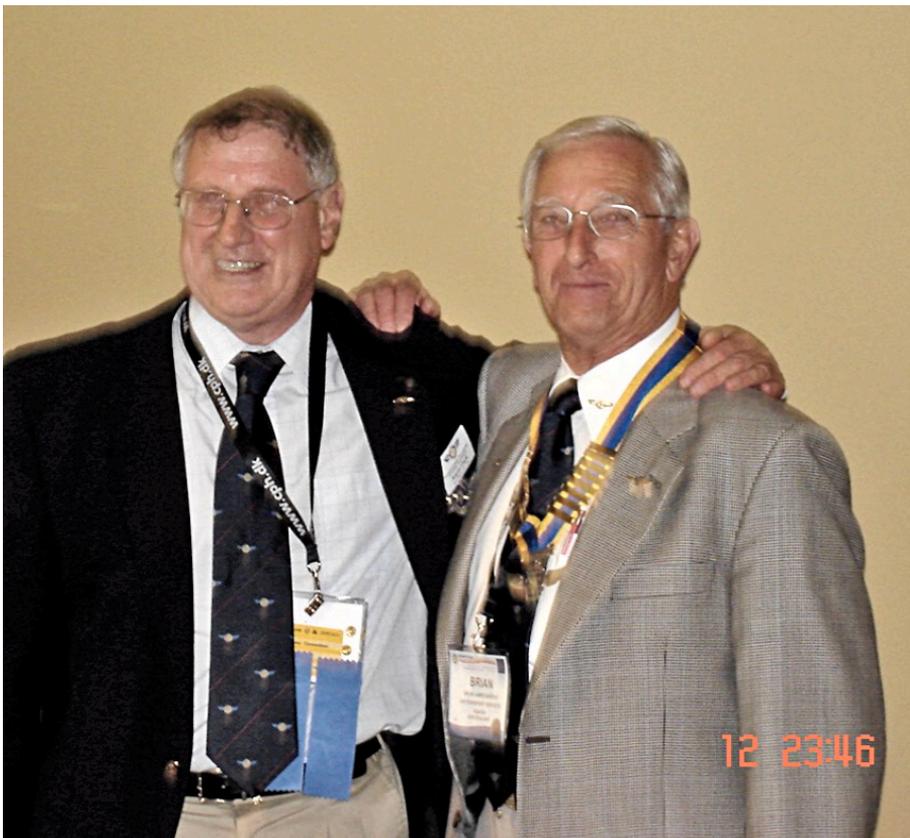


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France, Germany, the Western Isles of Scotland and the West Coast of the USA. The organisation's name is fellowship and that's exactly how it was and is. Wonderful people to call new friends.

Visiting Seattle, Oregon after the USA after our fly-about in 2007, 8th month, 7th day saw us looking for the first BOEING 787 but it was in the paint shop. Darn. I found the European IFFR activities fantastic if slightly more formal than in the British colonies. They frequently wore ties and it was not to hold your pants up! Delightful, absolutely delightful with the IFFR visits to all sorts of interesting places. I didn't know they had submarines in the first World War-- went inside one in Helsinki. The Villeroy & Boch museum exhibition and show room was memorable for an exquisite china dog beside a tree. Need I say more! Time trials using narrow gauge rolling stock

from the luncheon station to the end of the line. Oops it's gone off the end. Our Scandinavian friends promised a crane would fix the matter.



What an awe inspiring bunch of new friends. This last Christmas saw Jeannette and I celebrating our 58th wedding anniversary. Three cracker adult children, a wonderful son-in-law, our much missed late son in law, our daughter-in-law and seven grand children (they're pretty good too) complete our lot.

All in all I am Very Lucky Indeed. :- WPP Brian

Copenhagen June 2006 -- the old & new Presidents, Angus Clark and Brian Souter

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An old Pilot sat down in Starbucks and ordered a cup of coffee.

As he sat sipping his coffee, a young woman sat down next to him.

She turned to the pilot and asked, 'Are you a real pilot?'

He replied, 'Well, I've spent my whole life flying biplanes, Cessna's Boeing's, taught people to fly and gave rides to thousands, so I guess I am a pilot - what about you?'

She said, 'I'm a lesbian. I spend my whole day thinking about naked women. As soon as I get up in the morning, I think about naked women. When I shower, I think about naked women When I watch TV, I think about naked women. Everything makes me think of naked women.'

The two sat sipping in silence.

A little while later, a young man sat down on the other side of the old pilot and asked, 'Are you a real pilot?'

He replied, 'I always thought I was, but I just found out I'm a lesbian.'

Roger Leadbeater On Floats

August 2011 when reviewing my travel plans, I included as an adventure - a three day return trip on local train from Vancouver to Calgary. Mine host, Bob, suggested I could indulge in some float time instead. The response was - what train trip? And where do I sign.

I was soon introduced to Pat Air (Vancouver Island) Instructor, Chris Irwin, and two bookings of an hour each over the next 2 days.

That evening and any spare available moment, I was nose into the operations manual for a Cessna 172 on floats. Next morning I had some classroom time with the instructor, to explain the theory and for him to answer my queries. Must have said the right words, as it was full steam ahead, by now a dose of pre flight sweats.

The standard C172 pre flight on land with additional checks to include dipping the floats and checking rudder mechanisms.

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Cockpit pre flight checks - lower the rudders - then into the water to line up aircraft for beach push off- briskly into



left hand seat - "Propeller" - once engine fires up we are underway - control direction and taxi down wind - engage seat belts and into pre flight checks - retract rudders.

Our close proximity to Sidney Airport had us seeking take off clearance.

"Cleared for take off to overfly runway 09 till above 500 feet then vacate with right turn to operate 1000 feet or below over water". (the later to separate us from the active commercial float plane and GA traffic.)

We soon locate a debris free section



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of sheltered water for the instructor to perform our first alight onto water. For the next five circuits. I was soon sweating the alighting and take offs. What a buzz. All too soon we are back in Pat Bay with the challenge of coming alongside the jetty, rudders down, shut down, out onto floats to fend off and tie up debrief.



Next day theory revision. Pre flight checks with the challenge of aircraft being tied to jetty.

Floats had taken on water overnight requiring approx. 10 minutes of vigorous hand pumping to reduce the additional weight. Push off from jetty and repeat of yesterday's procedures.

Another six alightings and takeoffs with

two including a crosswind element.

Return to Pat Bay for beaching experience - calculated shut down to ride the floats bow wave onto the ramp. Once water recedes the aircraft is well aground. For those interested the C172 loses approx. 20% effectiveness when on floats. Photos show how the purpose built transporter launches and retrieves floatplanes. The ramp and parking area first used by RCAF Catalinas during WWII. An experience and challenge beyond compare.

